THE

Maid of the Rock

A celebrated Song

Sung, with universal applause, by Master Walsh, at the

THEATRE ROYAL in the HAYMARKET

the Melody Composed by

Mr. DIGNUM

the Accompaniments by Mr. Florio Junr.

the Words by George Saville Carey

Entered at Stationer's Hall —— Price 1s.

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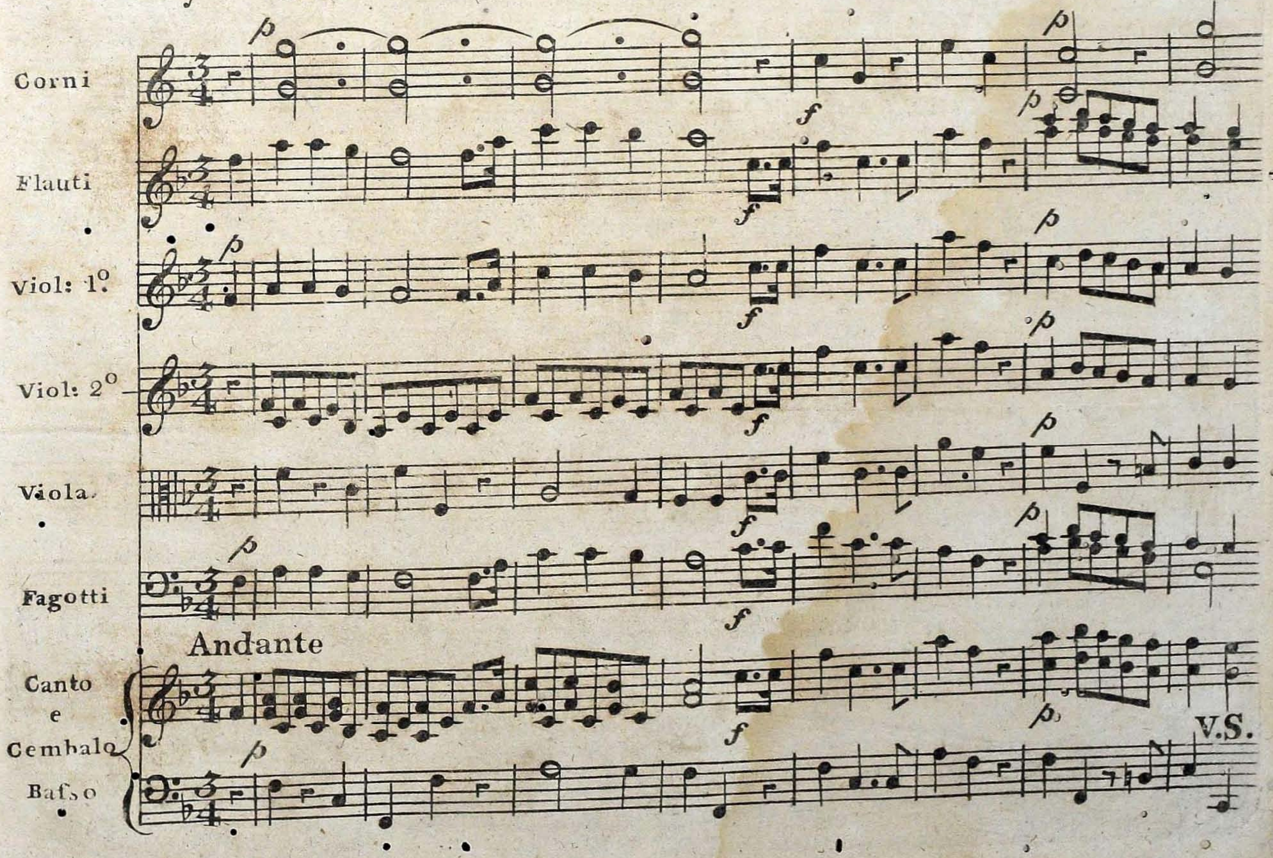
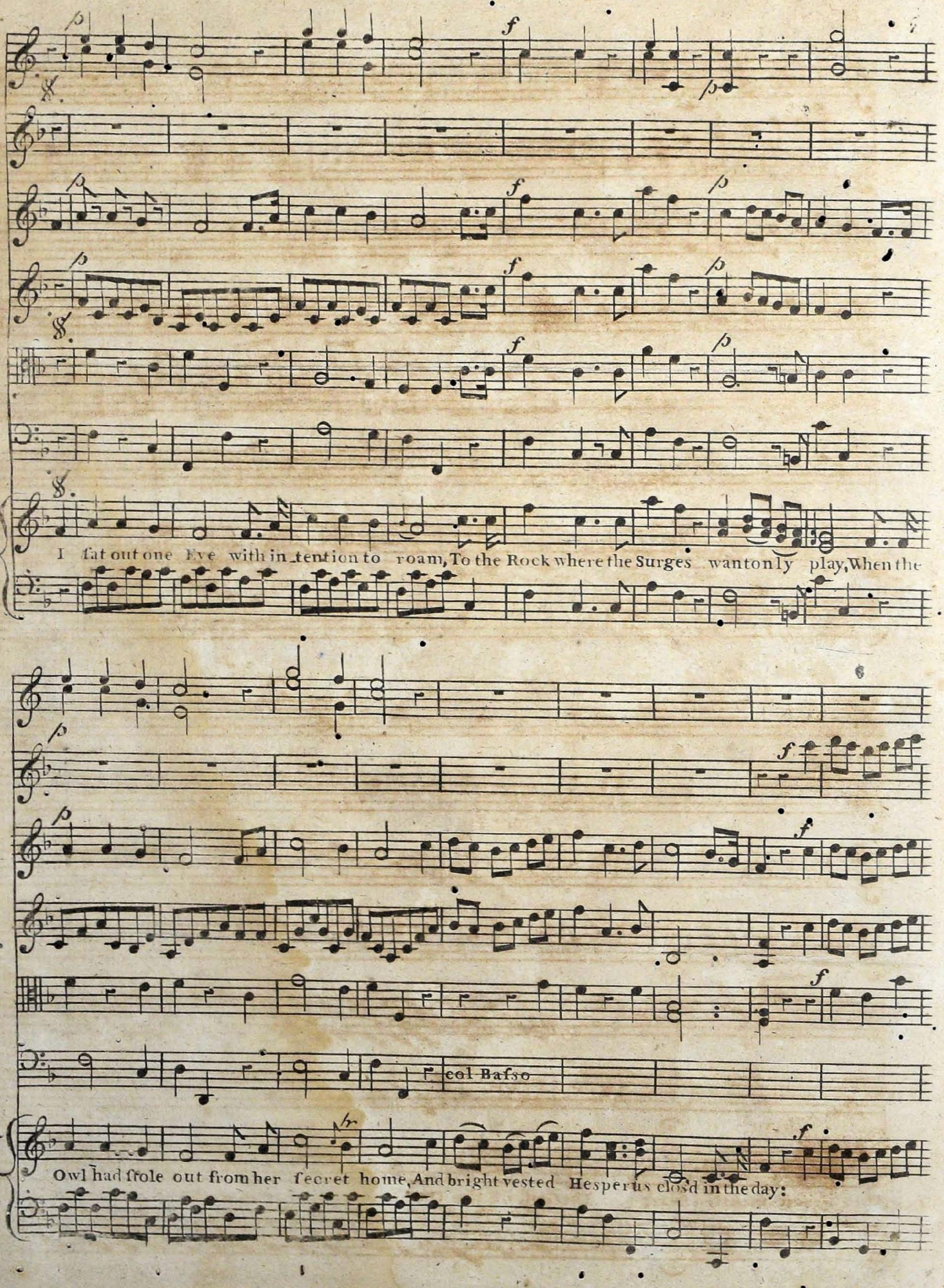
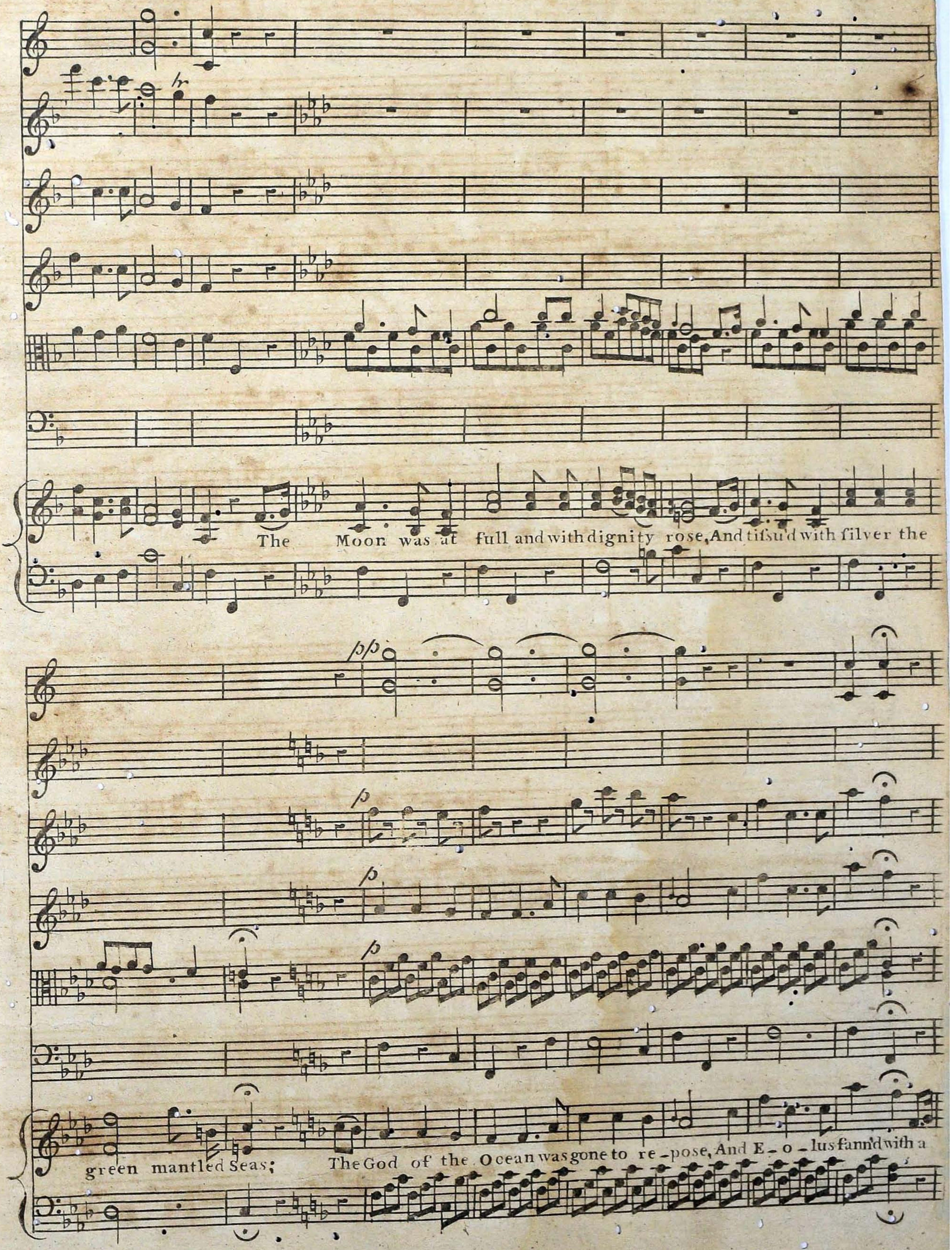
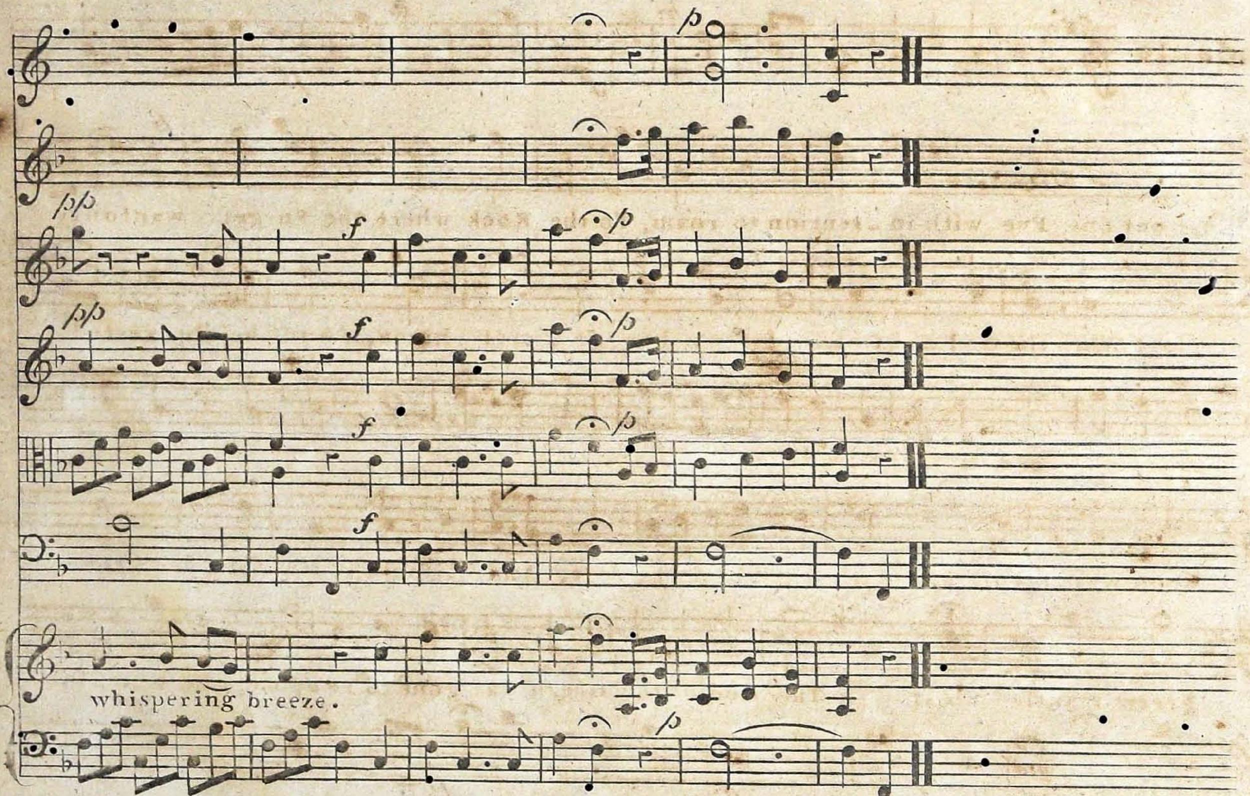



I ſat out one Eve with in_tention to roam, To the Rock where the Surges wantonly play, When the
col Baſso
Owl had ſtole out from her ſecret home, And bright vested Hesperus clos'd in the day:


The Moon was at full and with dignity rose, And tifsu'd with filver the
green mantled Seas; The God of the Ocean was gone to re_pose, And E_o_lus fann'd with a

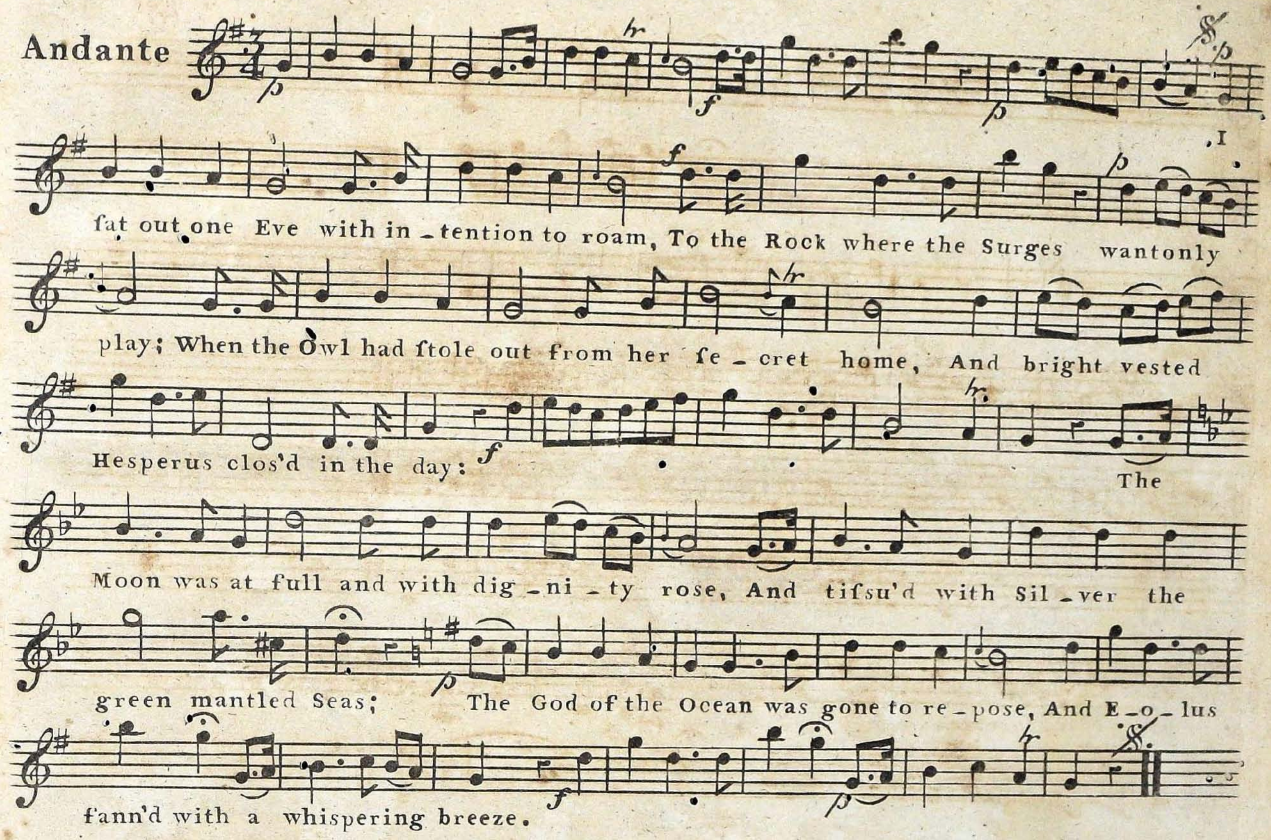


2

On reaching the Cave where old Legends report,
And many a horrible Tale has been ſung;
Where blood hunting Robbers had oft held their Court,
On each ſide was ſome Vestige of Chivalry hung:
My Eyes were alarm'd at the ſight of a Maid,
Who near to the Cavern ſat ſilent in grief;
Her Head on her hand all in ſorrow was laid,
A hard rocky Pillow was all her relief.

3

She ſtarted with Fear and ſhe fain would have fled,
I begg'd her to ſtay and her Sorrows relate;
Then told her from me ſhe had nothing to dread,
That I was brought there by the Order of Fate:
You came by the order of one ſhe reply'd,
Who has done all She can to distract my poor Mind;
O'erwhelm'd in the Deep my dear William my pride,
Then ſank and ſhe gave her last Breath to the wind.



2

On reaching the Cave, where old Legends report,
And many a horrible Tale has been fung;
Where blood hunting Robbers had oft held their Court,
On each fide was fome Vestige of Chivalry hung:
My Eyes were alarm'd at the fight of a Maid,
Who near to the Cavern fat filent in grief;
Her head on her hand all in Sorrow was laid,
A hard rocky Pillow was all her relief.

3

She ftarted with Fear and She fain would have fled,
I begg'd her to ftay and her Sorrows relate;
Then told her from me She had nothing to dread,
That I was brought there by the Order of Fate:
You came by the order of one fhe reply'd,
Who has done what She can to distract my poor Mind;
O'erwhelm'd in the Deep my dear William my pride,
Then fank and She gave her last Breath to the Wind.